

His children when we are burdened with sickness and sorrow. Our Lord has told us that our life on earth is to be marked by struggle and trial. He told His disciples that we must thro much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. There was no keeping hid the trials of a holy life. He told them that they might expect a steady antagonism to their religion and their attempts to do good.

This they could not fully realize and so must have been greatly astonished when the storm of the world's scorn, indignation and malignity burst upon their heads. An eloquent writer brings this out clearly in the following passage: "They were living to themselves, self with its hopes, promises and dreams, still had hold of them; but he began to fulfill their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and He sent them sorrow; they had asked for purity, and He sent them thrilling anguish; they had asked to be meek, and He had broken their hearts; they had asked to be dead to the world, and He slew all their living hopes; they had asked to be like unto Him and He placed them in the furnace, sitting by 'as a refiner of silver' till they should reflect His image. They had asked to lay hold of His cross, and when He reached it to them, it lacerated their hands. They had asked they knew not what, nor how; but He had taken them at their word and granted them all their petitions." We find it easier to obey than to suffer—to do than to give up—to bear the cross than to hang upon it; but we, like the disciples, dare not go back, we have come too near the unseen cross, and its virtues have pierced too deeply within us.

The harder the trials to bear, the closer they bring us to God. We are then in constant communion with the Father, thro the Son, for we could not bear our burdens alone. Then to know and realize, not that God is on our side, but that we are on His side, gives a peace and satisfaction that the world can not give, neither can it take it away. Then we know that Jesus can sympathize with us as no one else can, since He had to bear all the sorrows that a cold and cruel world could inflict upon Him. How His enemies made Him suffer, still there was no malice in His Heart, nothing but love, LOVE! Love for His persecutors, love for those that intentionally or unintentionally wronged Him. O, for that undying affection that will make us love enemies the same as friends, help us to be kind to the unkind, grateful to the ungrateful.

Our martyred heroes also had very forgiving spirits. When Dr. Taylor was bound with the chains, Warwick cruelly cast a fagot at him, which struck him on the head, and cut his face so that the blood ran down. Then said Dr. Taylor, "O friend, I have harm enough; what needed that?" Nothing but a Christ-like spirit could have said "O friend" to such an enemy. Many of them prayed, even as Christ prayed, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." When we are once blessed with that

Christ-like spirit, so that we can love all of God's creatures, no difference who they are, what they are, or where they are, or how much they offend us, we have gained a glorious victory and all honor be to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Amen.

Lakeville, Ind.

HOME

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of long ago,
Then, with a throb of heartache,
That thrills each pulsing vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
Of the faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth and welcome
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming,
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That never may die away,
And it seems the hands of angels,
On a mystic harp at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording,
"When I go home again."

Outside of my darkened window,
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain:
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

—Eugene Field.

HIS SONG WAS STILLED

The tenor in one of the leading churches of Brooklyn broke down Sunday morning while the quartet was in the middle of a hymn, and took his seat, the other three singers finishing the hymn as best they could, says the New York Tribune. The congregation naturally wondered at the incident, and in the main ascribed it to nervousness or sudden illness. Few, however, were aware of the pathetic circumstances attending the tenor's withdrawal. The hymn was

O, Jesus Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door.

The first verse was given by the full quartet. The second verse was sung as a tenor solo, and it was noticed that the singer was giving it in a faltering and spiritless way. In the following verse the quartet took part, but when the lines

I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?

were reached the tenor hesitated, his voice choked, and he sat down abruptly, crying like a child.

The organist took up the tenor part and the verse, which was the last, was somehow finished. The curtains were not drawn apart after the hymn, as is customary, the choir loft being above the pulpit, and the organist went over and sat beside the weeping tenor,

holding his hand, and giving him silent sympathy.

The tenor had lost his little girl only a few weeks ago, and the hymn, "O Jesus, Thou art standing," was sung to her in her dying moments. The young father's heart was still sore with his affliction, and the singing of the hymn in church awakened recollections so sorrowful that he found it beyond his powers of self control to go through his part of it.

Sisters' Society C. E.

To the S. S. C. E. of Indiana

At the S. S. C. E. session of the Indiana Conference in October, a motion was unanimously passed instructing the state president to procure Ashland University endowment pledges and send to the local presidents, urging them to present them to their respective societies, and if possible, secure signatures. This has been done. I have sent a pledge and a letter to every society that has been reported to me, and I hope soon to hear from the twenty presidents to whom I have written. I think there are more societies but can learn nothing definite of them. Will not the various pastors of Indiana help me? If there is an S. S. C. E. in your charge, active or inactive, to whom I have not written, please notify me, or request the president or secretary to do so. And I most earnestly request the pastor to give the matter their personal attention, that the effort to help maintain the University will be a credit to Indiana. The plan is as safe and simple as it is admirable, and is worthy our heartiest support. The report of last year showed that the societies of our state earned in various ways over one thousand dollars. No doubt we shall do as well this year. My sisters, let us be generous as possible and divide our hard earned money with this struggling, much needed, and highly prized University. Possibly, nay probably, the needs of the home church which you are struggling to supply, will be provided for in some other way if you give freely to this, the most pressing of all our needs. Will you all sign the pledge for at least one hundred dollars? As much more as you like, less if must be.

H. HELEN FRAME.

Our Young People

GOD'S ARMY

Psalm 20:1-9

Topic for Jan. 29 (Christian Endeavor Day.)

Not long ago we studied about the fight of faith. This is an individual fight which each one must wage for himself. Now we are to study the scriptures bearing on God's army. That is we are to study co-operative fighting, for an army implies organization and discipline in working together. The topic is suggested by the day this date being set apart by the C. E. movement as a rally day because it is the anniversary of the organization of the young people's movement.

When God has sought to bring about some great reform he has turned, not to the old and degenerate